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Home Poems



By
Mrs. Howard Collett

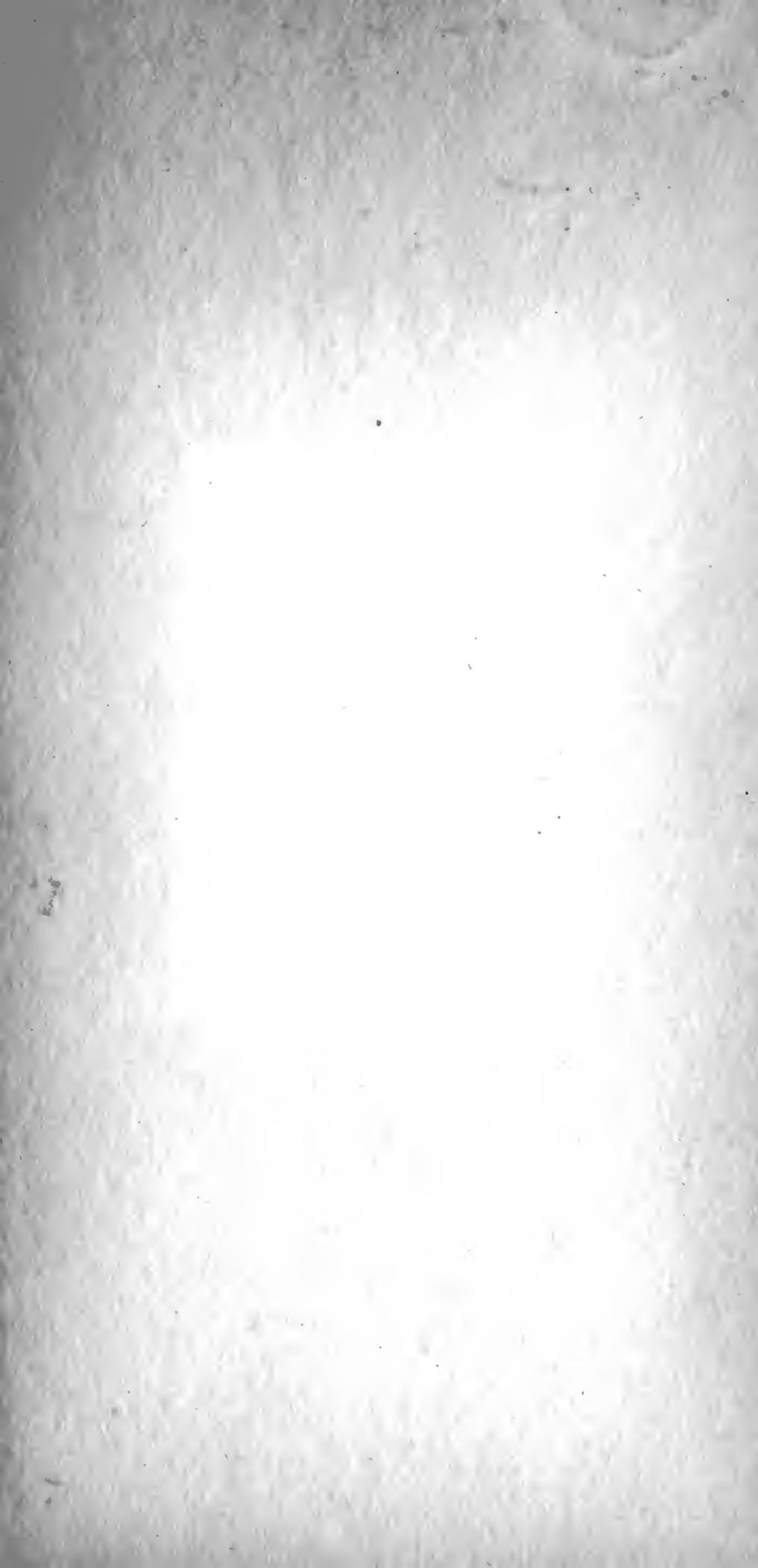


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**"They both went to church,
And both of them sang."**

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HOME POEMS



Collett, Mary Stokes (Fribourg) By
"Mrs. Howard Collett"

PS 3505
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Dedication



"To the Boys"

I know that you wonder
Just who are the boys.

So to tell you of them
Only adds to my joys,

For they are the ones
Who joined in my play

'Till childhood was gone,
And they all slipped away.

They first went to school,
And it hardly seemed home

Without the dear boys
To play with and roam.

And when into business
They finally went,

Home life with the boys
We knew had been spent.

And the house which was once
Alive with their noise,

Was empty and big
Without the dear boys.

And the hearts left behind,
Which loved the boys so,

Were lonely and lost
When they all had to go.

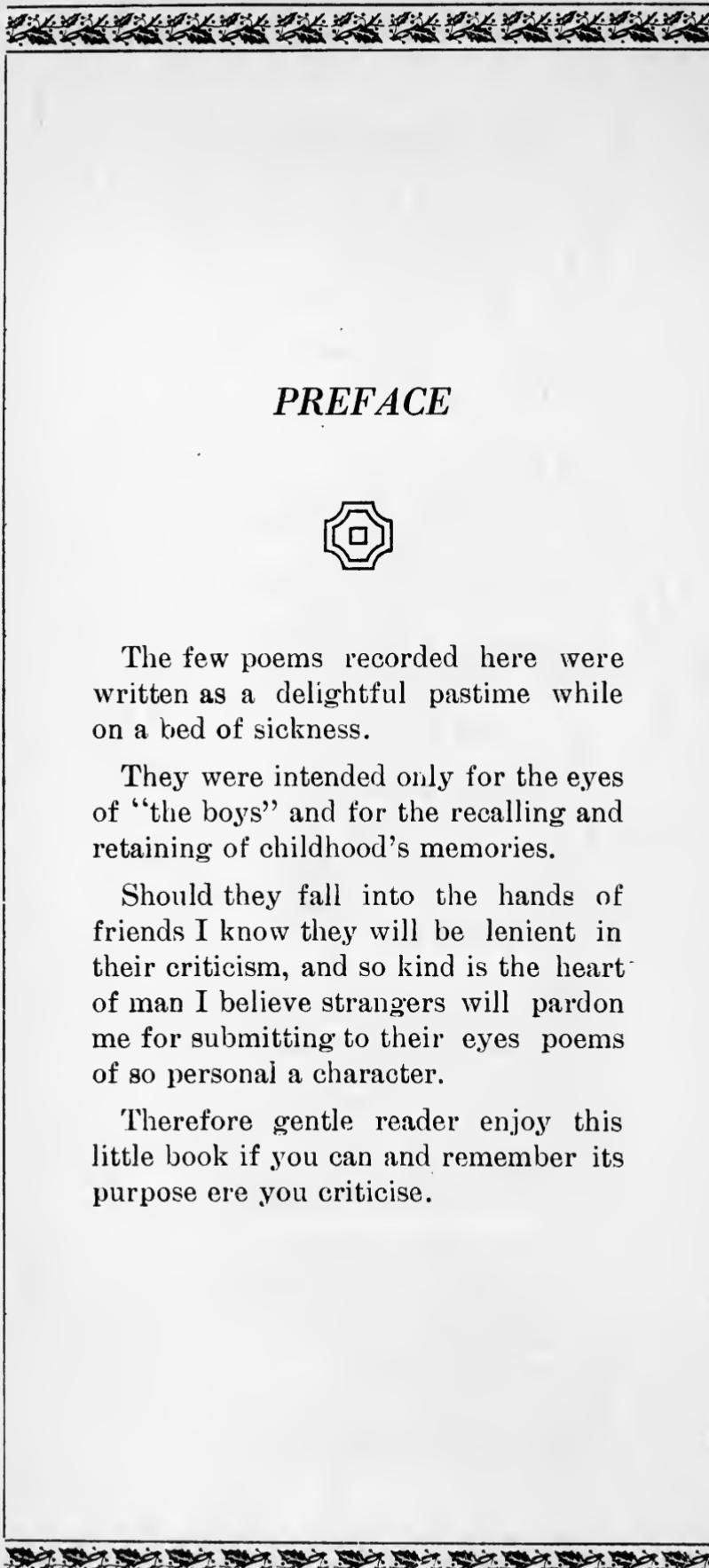
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The years came and went,
And the fond parents knew
 When Xmas came round,
The boys would come too.
 And little grandchildren
Would dance round the tree,
 And the house would be filled
With glad Christmas glee.

 And now though the boys
Have cares of their own;
 The ones left behind
When they went from the home
 Still know they are joined
In their cares and their joys,
 By calling to mind
The dear precious boys.

 And to feel that the hearts
Of four manly men,
 Are beating for you
The same as for them,
 Is to feel a support
And numberless joys
 In having for brothers,
Four big manly boys.





PREFACE



The few poems recorded here were written as a delightful pastime while on a bed of sickness.

They were intended only for the eyes of "the boys" and for the recalling and retaining of childhood's memories.

Should they fall into the hands of friends I know they will be lenient in their criticism, and so kind is the heart of man I believe strangers will pardon me for submitting to their eyes poems of so personal a character.

Therefore gentle reader enjoy this little book if you can and remember its purpose ere you criticise.



My Pencil and I

As I lie on my bed
By night and by day,
I oft take my pencil
To while ~~the~~ time away.
I ask it to speak
To those I would see,
Who live in a land
Far distant from me.

My pencil responds;
Little strength it requires,
As it tells them my pleasures
My hopes and desires.
And it seems I am talking
To those who are dear,
As it answers my bidding
I feel they are here.

As I lie on my bed
In sickness and pain,
It oft is my pencil
That helps me to gain.
For it carries my thoughts
From my aches to itself,
And bids me to watch it
The mischievous elf.

It says if I watch it
'Twill help to make rhyme,
And that is my pleasure
It whiles away time.
When I am tired and
Don't want to converse,
It comes to my aid
And we both make a verse.

And so 'tis my pencil
With whom I am chumming,
That joins me in sorrows
In jokes and in funning.
Although I am sick
I hope it and I
Can drive from some others
The tear and the sigh.



We vowed for our mission
To drive cares away,
To lighten the burden
And brighten the day;
And so both together
We'll bid them all fly,
We too, will be helped
My pencil and I.

A RAMBLE IN THE FALL

When the days are growing cooler,
And you think of frost at night,
When the leaves are gently falling
And the birds are taking flight.
Then it is I love to wander
O'er Ohio's fields and hills,
Breathe the crisp fresh air of Autumn
As my soul with rapture thrills.

For behold her gorgeous woodland,
Every shrub and every tree
Now is clothed in richest colors,
And they seem to talk to me.
Tell me how they caught the sunshine,
Stored away her every ray,
Then the frosts of autumn kissed them
And they turned to colors gay.

And the wild flowers of the season,
Tell me of the sunshine too,
Of the rains and dews of summer,
Of the frost and winds that blew.
And although my wandering takes me
To the solitary glen,
Or onto the public highway,
I am sure to meet with them.

Note that goldenrod how stately,
King of all, I think, is he,
And the white and purple asters,
His attendants seem to be.
And the iron weed is proving
She deserves a better name,
For her big and purple blossoms
Put some other flowers to shame.

While the thistle, some will scoff it
But I beg them, ere they're done
 Just to note her myrid blossoms
Grouped together forming one.
 "Oh" you say "the thistle pricks me"
Best of friends oft nettle too,
 And the finest of the roses
Have big thorns to bother you.

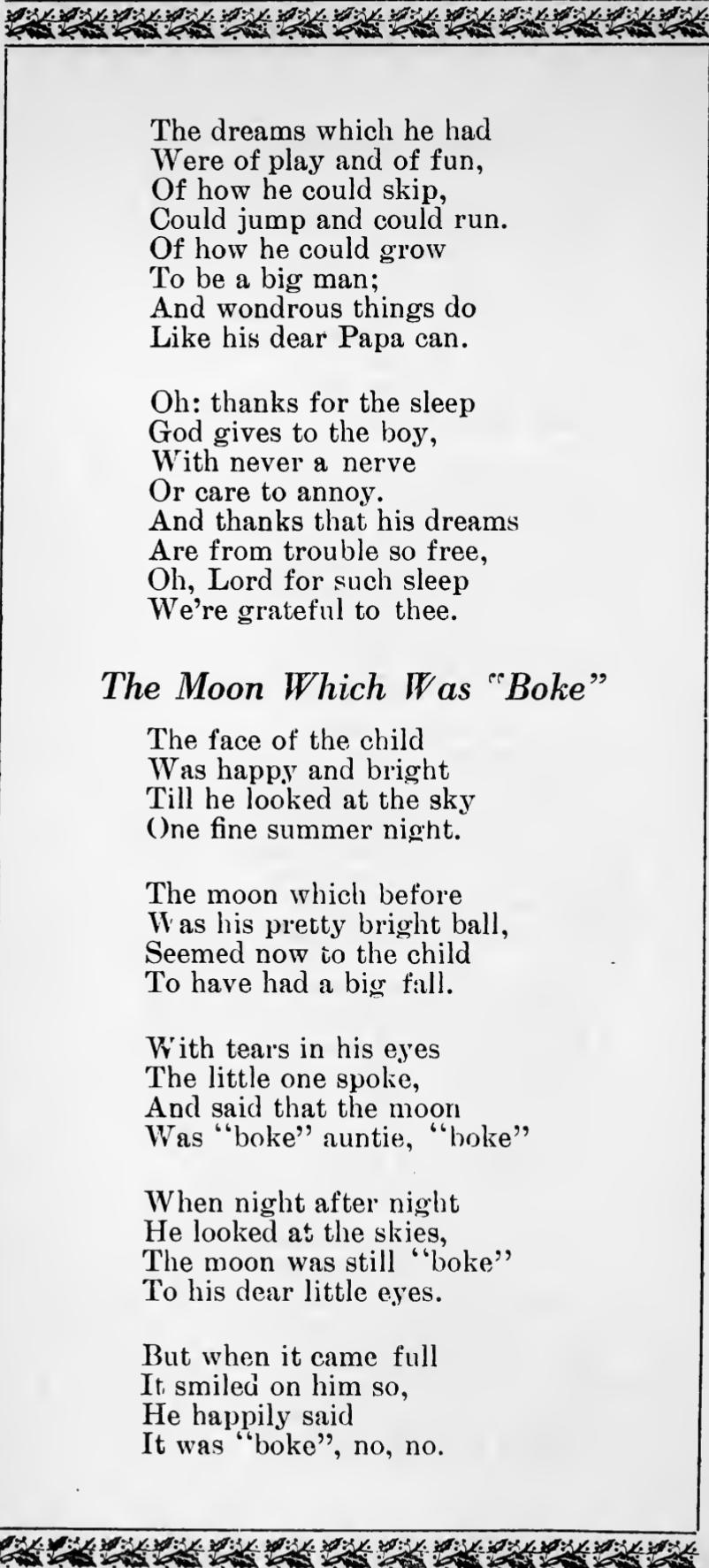
So I'll gather me the thistle
The iron weed and all
 And fill my arms with beauties found
When rambling in the fall.
 Look a yonder, see that valley
It appears to wear a cloak
 For 'tis shining with the yellow
Of the brown-eyed artichoke.

In the glorious field of nature
Nothing can be common there
 Even old and broken fences
All her pretty colors wear
 And the boquet whick I gather
Will not be half complete
 'Till I add some bright red berries
Furnished by the bitter sweet.

My arms are overflowing
With the wild flowers of the fall
 And I also carry homeward
Many scenes I'll oft recall.
 And I'll tell them there of nature
What a hostess she can be
 How her ways of entertaining
Have quite captivated me.

The Sleep of the Boy

While playing with toys
Alone on the floor
The little one entered
The sleepy-land door.
So gently it opened
He just tumbled in;
And untroubled sleep
Was given to him



The dreams which he had
Were of play and of fun,
Of how he could skip,
Could jump and could run.
Of how he could grow
To be a big man;
And wondrous things do
Like his dear Papa can.

Oh: thanks for the sleep
God gives to the boy,
With never a nerve
Or care to annoy.
And thanks that his dreams
Are from trouble so free,
Oh, Lord for such sleep
We're grateful to thee.

The Moon Which Was "Boke"

The face of the child
Was happy and bright
Till he looked at the sky
One fine summer night.

The moon which before
Was his pretty bright ball,
Seemed now to the child
To have had a big fall.

With tears in his eyes
The little one spoke,
And said that the moon
Was "boke" auntie, "boke"

When night after night
He looked at the skies,
The moon was still "boke"
To his dear little eyes.

But when it came full
It smiled on him so,
He happily said
It was "boke", no, no.

Sugar Making

The winter is breaking
A robin I heard
While out in the woods
Sings the peek a boo bird,
The barn lot is noisy
The hens cackle so
Yet I hear Mama wonder
Where all the eggs go.

The sunshine and rain
Seems running a race
Yet I think that the rain
Has gained the first place.
The ground which was frozen
Is now thawing out
And most anywhere
Deep mud is about.

The men are so busy
Sugar making is here,
And their work in the camp
Seems to add to their cheer;
For with whistle and song
And hearts which are free
The sweet sugar water
They haul from each tree.

In the old sugar house
Papa labors and toils
And watches the pans
In which it all boils;
He carefully skims
And carefully tests
And when it is done
It is known as the best.

And we who have hurried
From school to the camp
Already are paid
For the long muddy tramp;
As down in the ashes
Potatoes are baked
And now to the surface
I see they are raked.

And if any potatoes
Are mealy and fine
'Tis those which are baked
At good sugar time.
And eggs boiled here
Are always so good
To hungry school children
When down in the wood.

We sit on a log
In front of the fire
While the steam from the pans
Rises higher and higher.
We enjoy our good cooking
And eat till we hurt
While newly made syrup
We have for dessert.

Out here in the woods
It seems is the place
To play we belong
To the old Indian race.
And with whoop and with yell
We all act our parts
And enemies chase
With wild Indian darts.

It is now getting dusk
And our play is so real
I tremble and run
With fear which I feel.
And big Indian men
I seemly see
And I think every one
Is now after me

I breathlessly enter
The sugar camp door
And there with my Papa
Am safe as before.
He fixes the fire
And pans for the night
And as we go home
I hold to him tight.

He says that the sap
Is now dropping fast

But leaves will come out,
Should warin weather last.

There's no school tomorrow,
It will be Saturday

And out in the woods,
We children can play.

So when morning comes,
We go with the men,

And ride on the sled
Which they use to haul in.

We cook dinner there
And 'bout dinner time,

Our Mama comes down
And says it is fine.

She laughs and she says
She thinks she can guess,

Where all the eggs go
From out the hen nests.

She brought the corn popper,
The coals are just right,

And big flaky grains
Soon jump to our sight.

Some more maple syrup
Papa takes from the pans,

And carefully pours
In new syrup cans.

He boils all the day
And most of the night,

And we children play
As long as 'tis light.

And when Sunday comes
It is raining and damp,

And still there is work
To do at the camp.

So we stay at the house,
I think you would too,

If you knew maple wax
Was waiting for you.

A big taffy pulling
Is now our delight,

And we steal from each other
And pull 'till its white,

Some of us braid it
Some animals make
While some of it turns
To good sugar cake.

Now grown I look back
And think what was done
To brighten our childhood
And furnish our fun
And grateful I am
That fond memories twine
Round the home of our youth
And the old sugar time.



A Nice Little Girlie

I've a clean gingham dress
And a clean bonnet too
And the nicest errand
I am going to do.
A basketful of lunch
I've here on my arm
To take to my Papa
Way back on the farm.

And a jug of cold water
I've here in my hand
When he sees me a coming
He'll well understand.
And in the fence corner
We'll both of us sit
And of the good lunch
We'll leave not a bit.

We'll drink from the jug
And Papa will say
I'm a nice little girlie
To come all the way.
Then homeward I'll go
My head all awhirl
Since Papa has called me
A nice little girl.

God's Plan

I was planning ahead
For all I should do,
And it seemed that my work
Was noble and true.

I thought it essential
To do all I could
But now I can see
I misunderstood.

My Father said "wait"
I answered, "Oh no,
The duties I see
I cannot let go.

My home and my babies
Are all needing me,
My hands from my work
Cannot idle be."

He whispered, "your babies
Are my babies too,
I'll care for them both
And too, care for you.

The work you have done
Has all worthy been;
New work I wish now
Your life to begin."

I was placed on a bed
Of sickness and pain.

And many long months
Was bid there remain.

"O Father," I cried
"I can't understand,"
Then gently He whispered
"Child of mine, take my hand."

"Walk with me thru the shadows
Let me be your Light,

For I am your Father
And all will be right.

Put your trust in my guidance,
I know what is best,

You now are so weary,
Come, lean on my breast."

Your loved ones are coming
And trusting in Me,
As they pray that your health
May soon better be.
The work planned for you
Is now being done,
As you and your loved ones
All unto Me come.

“Oh, Father,” I cried.
“I now understand
And gladly, so gladly,
Take Thee by the hand.
Since Thou art my light
And my guidance be,
All will be well
When walking with Thee.”

A Day at Aunt Mary's

We all are so happy,
And all are so gay,
We're asked to Aunt Mary's
To come spend the day.
The uncles and aunts
And cousins are many,
But all are invited,
She doesn't slight any.

Aunt Mary is one
Who lives on a farm,
There's abundance and plenty
In house and in barn.
And all of us know
Hospitality there,
Is as pure and as free
As the fresh country air.

They're a mile from the depot,
But what matters that?
Uncle takes his big horses,
So slick and so fat.
Hitches them to a wagon,
To a sled when there's snow,
And off to Aunt Mary's
We happily go.

We're a jolly big crowd
And the ride on the sled
Is just a beginning
Of the fun that's ahead.
As we drive up the lane
From the house, there's a shout
Aunt Mary and boys
Are all coming out.

The little white dog
Adds greeting and cheer
While the old turkey gobbler
Gobbles out, "Welcome here!"
When we enter the house
The table is set
And the whiffs from the kitchen
We'll never forget.

No great dietition
In life or in book
Ever equalled Aunt Mary
In trying to cook.
And a good country dinner
Just done to a "T"
Is spread on the table
For you and for me.

She invites us all out
And there with our kin
We partake of the good things
Which keep coming in.
"Aunt Mary," ~~just~~ we say
"Just when and ~~now~~"
Did you get this good dinner
You're serving us now?"

There's joy in good eating
And the host is the best
Who serves with his dinner
His jokes and his jest.
And here from our host
Jokes seem to flow out
As freely as sunshine
Which is scattered about.

At the table we linger
'Tis here face to face,

We form our attachments
As at no other place.

Relationship ties
Are closer drawn here,
And the faces we love
Are even more dear.

The afternoon goes,
We hardly know how,
And in the big room
We're all gathered now.
Dear Uncles and Aunts,
The hours spent with you
Are rich golden hours,
But their numbers are few.

Two now have gone on,
We remember their love,
And think of their home
In the Heaven above.
And think of the hours
We spent with them here,
How they joined us in pleasure,
And added our cheer.

'Tis here at Aunt Mary's,
Where flowers seem to grow
As no other flowers
I ever did know.
And here in the fall,
Her yard is aglow
With bright blooming posies,
Anywhere that we go.

The cannas and dahlias
Grow high as the trees,
But the vines on the porch
Can out rival these.
They grow to the roof,
Then onward they go,
Exactly how high,
We none of us know.

Their leaves are as big
As the hat which you wear,
And the perfume from bloom
Seems to scent the whole air,

The foliage is dense,
I never saw such,
No calibre rifle
Could penetrate much.

But I am in danger,
And here I must wait,
As I speak of her flowers
I exaggerate.

Why look at the clock,
It soon will be dark,
And off to the train
We all of us start.

Aunt Mary and boys,
They all go along,
And the ride on the sled
Is like a glad song.
While the day we have had
Is dear beyond measure,
And excels all the others
In bliss and in pleasure.



Wish I Were A Baby

Wish I were a baby,
Roly poly and fat;
Want to snuggle to mother
And lie on her lap.

Want to get of her kisses,
Lie close to her breast;
For there, like a baby,
I know I could rest.

My pains would all vanish,
My sorrows would fly,
If I'd hear from my mother,
Her sweet lullabye.

And then from my mother,
I'd feel her soft pat,
If I were a baby,
Roly poly and fat.

A Morning Walk

O, why in the house when the season is May,
Come with me awhile at the break of the day.

Let us walk in the yard, just wander around,
Drink the glories of morning in beauty and sound.

Oh hasten, and come with me out of door,
Were ever such beauties imagined before?

Just look at the sky out there in the east,
'Tis almost ablaze with bright golden streaks.

And the orchard, just see with bloom 'tis aglow;
Some clusters are pink, and some white as snow.

While its pink and its white, its fragrance and all
Are crowned with the beauties and wonders of Sol.

Look there at the garden, how it grew in the night,
And each blade of grass bears a bright sparkling light.

The locusts are budding, while here, there and
Fruit trees of all kinds in bloom are now out. [about

See the lambs in the orchards, how they frisk and
they play,

And the birds how they sing at the break of the day.

The cat bird so saucy, the pewee so dear;
The robin, song sparrow, and all do we hear.

"Dear birds, let me ask you, why such roundelay,
Though soon 'twill be June, and now it is May;"

My Friend to that bank over there, let us go,
For that is the place where the violets grow.

O flower of my heart, so modest and sweet, [sleet.
You've braved the cold blasts, the snow and the

You give to us here the beauties so rare;
We've given you never a thought or a care.

A lesson you've taught, O may my life be
Courageous, unselfish and modest like thee.

Now friend, come and look, this old yellow rose
Takes me back in my thoughts, far as memory goes.

Why that lilac bush there and the wild rose on
the tree
Each spring of my life, blossomed for me.

But round that catalpa from which hangs the
swing,

Is the place, where I think fondest memories cling.

Why there with the boys I've played by the day;
That tree fairly raised us, I always did say.

And now let me ask, "Would you mind pushing me?
Once again I would swing to the limbs of that tree;

Once again I would grab its pretty bright flowers,
Then sit on the grass, play with them by the hours.

I'm apt to forget; are you tired of all this?
No longer, I vow, will I now reminisce.

So let me once swing, and then we will go
And see what the roses and peonies show.

The syringa and snowball are coming out soon;
Those holly-hocks and larkspur, I think bloom in
June.

But say, did you hear that breakfast bell ring?
I forget, but time flies when walking in spring.

What flowers for the table would they enjoy most?
Those roses, ah me! will give to the toast,
The eggs and the bacon, the coffee and all,
A flavor they always will wish to recall.

My lungs are just filled with sweet fragrant air,
And I haven't a burden, an ache or a care.

Of this I'm sure, we chose the right way,
To spend early morning when the season is May.

A Song and A Smile

With the freshness of morning,
A glow on her face,
A young lady's presence
Illumined the place.
With the voice of a bird
She rocked and she sang,
And the place that she brightened
With sweet music rang.

As she rocked and she sang,
A soul, tired and weary,
Forgot that the day
Was cloudy and dreary.
And as from her heart
The songs seemed to roll
She wondrously blessed
The tired weary soul.

And her light hearted way,
And cheery sweet smile
Were lodged in the soul
Of the weary meanwhile.
And the heart which was heavy
Almost became light,
Because of the one
So happy and bright.
The gay blooming posies



She brought her that day
Were pretty and sweet,
Yet they withered away.
But the songs and the smiles
Of the kind hearted maid
In the heart of the weary
Can never there fade.

The Old Home

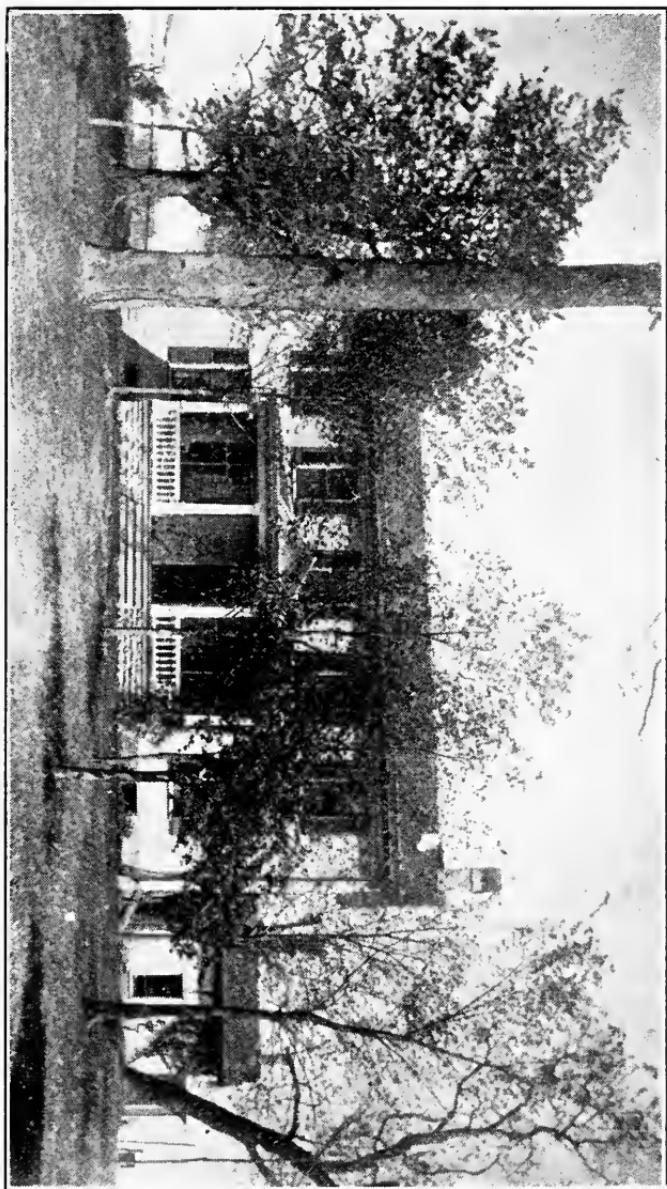
To the home of my youth
My thoughts carry me;
And there in my fancy
It seems I can see
The house built of brick,
With its porches and vines.
The yard with its flowers
And trees of all kinds,
The orchards and fields
Where I once used to roam;
All sacred to me
Are these scenes of my home.

Each shrub and each tree
Holds a memory dear,
And fond recollections
For me linger here.
Where childhood's sweet days
In joy slipped away,
And life overflowed
With love and with play.
Now time casts a glamour
And beautifies truth,
'Till a little of Heaven
Seems this home of my youth.

A Day at the Fair

No school tomorrow,
And none the next day;
The Warren County Fair
Is now under way.
And mama is busy
Baking pies and a cake,
And frying the chicken
She's going to take.





“The house built of brick.”



Our grandma and grandpa
And kin will be there,
And we'll all eat together
When down at the fair.
The very best dinner
We'll spread on the ground,
And list while we eat
To the merry-go-round.
Our shoes are all polished,
On the bed and about
In stacks by themselves
Our clothes are laid out.
For early tomorrow
I heard mama say,
We all must be dressed
And off for the day.
And when in the morning
She calls up the stair,
And tells us to hasten
To go to the fair
We jump with a bound.
Excitment is high;
Already the buggies
We see passing by;
The morning is cold,
But cold frosty air
Seems to be just a part
Of the big county fair.
We hustle about,
And soon at the gate
The horses and wagon
For all of us wait.
We go 'bout a mile,
Then we children wonder
If that woods is the fair
We see over yonder.
And where is the house
Our grandma lives at?
And the barn with the rooster,
We ask, "Where is that?"
It takes a long time
To go to the fair,
But hip, hip, hurrah,
I guess we are there.
Just look at the people

And my! what a din,
And look at the buggies
Which keep pouring in.
We follow the crowd,
Unhitch in the shade,
And then on our papa
We all make a raid.
Some ask for a quarter,
Some ask for a dime,
And papa is good
He gives every time.
And now with our money
Oh, what will we do,
So many the places
For dimes to go to.
Look there at that show,
Inside, so they say
A six legged calf,
Walks round all the day.
And there in the other
A two-headed man
Winds serpents about
Anywhere that he can,
While out in the front,
In short ballet dress,
The woman who dances
Holds one to her breast.
Over there hear the darkies,
To that tent let us go;
For they sing and they dance
And they play the banjo.
And not far away
Is a cure for all pains,
And people near by
Are ringing for canes.
To the right, nigger babies
Stand up in a row,
Let us go over there
And watch the men throw.
Some good hoky-poky
I surely will try,
And the man with the whistle
I cannot pass by.
Let's go to the wagon
Maybe it is late,
And time for the dinner,

The pie and the cake.
Why, there they are now,
Out under a tree
Aunt Ada and girls
Are first to see me.
The cousins are there,
And so are the boys,
Who blow their new whistles,
And make such a noise.
While grandma and grandpa
And all of the rest
Are looking so nice,
Dressed out in their best.
The table is spread,
And it strings quite a ways,
With good things enough
To last many days.
And we pity the people,
We see over there
Who eat from a box,
When they come to the fair.
Down here where we eat
Machinery's noise,
And whirling of wheels
Attract men and boys.
And the girls and the boys,
Think now it is time
On the merry-go-round,
To each spend a dime.
The poultry and stock
They say is a show,
And so to see them
The most of us go.
Then we haste to the hall,
Where the county is showing
The best of her land,
The choice of her growing.
Look, the fruit and the squash,
The corn and the wheat,
With all other things,
Which man has to eat,
Are here quite immense,
Their flavor is rare,
It seems that they grew
Just to come to the fair.

'Tis in the round house
Where most women go,
For the work of their hands
Is what they there show.
In the center are flowers,
On the walls and around
Wondrous works of the needle
And pictures are found.
Outside the round house
In hopes for some dimes,
The man who is blind
On his hand-organ grinds.
Let's go to the races
Many others are there,
According to some
That's the best of the fair.
Oh! look at the horses,
They're now turning in,
I'll bet the white face
Is the one that will win.
Yes, he is the one,
Let's cheer with the rest,
And look how the horses
In blankets are dressed.
Now they come with more horses,
Wish I could drive one,
I'd race with the others
And my! I would hum.
Now then, they are started,
Oh! look, how they fly,
That gray over there
They cannot pass by.
The races are over
But here is some fun,
Just look at that couple
They're both chewing gum.
She carries his whip,
And they go holding hands
While the hair pinned to her
Is hanging in strands.
We go to the wagon
And Papa is there,
And says it is time
To go from the fair.
But more ice cream, candy

We ask him to buy,
And the man with balloons
We see passing by.
We each ask for one,
Every color we try,
And as we go home
We all let them fly.
And Mama with baby
Asleep on her lap,
Says early tomorrow
We're all coming back.

The Old Spring House

Down the hill at my home
The old spring house stood,
With its clear running water
So cool and so good.
Its walls were of brick
White-washed in and out,
And then for its floor
Big stones were dug out.

Flowers guarded its entrance
Vines clung to its wall,
The sweet honeysuckle
Was sweetest of all.
It grew by the step
On which we would sit,
As we drank of good milk
We drank too of it.

To the north of the house
Was the old cedar tree,
To its west two large locusts
I think grew for me,
For my little play house
I always had there,
Down the bank was my cellar
Up the hill was my stair.

Large buckets of milk
Were hung in the spring,
And yet there was room
To fish with a string.
And when little children

Some fun must be had,
We fished in the spring,
And oft caught a crawdad.

In the little front room
The water ran through,
And big rolls of butter
And puddings and stew.
Along with all things
Either dainties or meat,
Were brought here to cool
Far away from the heat.

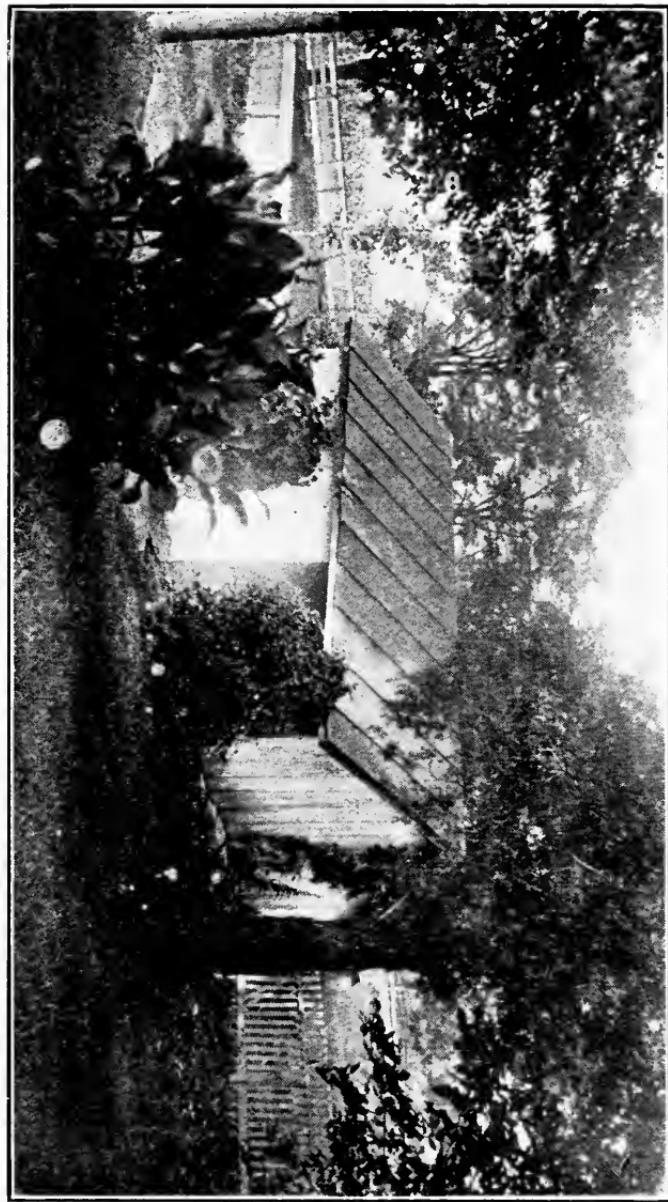
The men from the field
And the little bare feet,
Found here in this room
Their coolest retreat.
Some good bread and butter
With milk eaten here,
Sent them back to their work
With courage and cheer.

While the dear little stream
Which flowed from this spring,
Ran on out of doors,
And going did sing
Of the joy it would give
To beast, bird and bees,
By filling a trough,
Just on purpose for these.

The old spring house now
Is all torn away,
Not a stone can be found
To tell of its day.
Yet memory's walls
Hands of man cannot touch,
And the old spring house there
Will not suffer much.

And on memory's wall
More to me than all other,
Is the picture I see
Of my dear precious mother.
As she sits at the churn
In the old spring house door,

“Flowers guarded its entrance,
Vines clung to its wall.”



The place seems to brighten
As never before.

And the butter she lifts
To the big butter bowl,
Is sweet and is good
Like her own precious soul.
Should Memory fail
One way or another,
I hope she will keep
This picture of mother.

The Old Swing

Eight children I see, and all in one swing.
All of them shout and all of them sing,
And all of them laugh and make a big noise,
For all are so happy, and most of them boys.

They robbed of the bridge to get a swing board;
None other so big, did they seem to afford.
And as they piled in, both the big and the little,
I heard them all shout, "Me not sit in the middle."

They cling to the board and they hang to it too,
Those who stand by the rope, the pushing must do.
They make it go straight, then sidewise they go,
And bump the old tree with blow upon blow.

Then out on the porch there appears a sweet face,
To see if her babies have yet lost their place.
She thinks they will fall, the jar is so great,
But she counts on the board and they still number
eight.

To Wallace

We are thinking today,
How our hearts beat with joy,
When we heard of the coming
Of a dear baby boy.

We remember the grandpa,
~~How~~ made believe he was old;
And hobbled on crutches,
When the good news was told.

To this dear baby boy,
They had given his name;
And no other baby,
Was just quite the same.



Like all other children,
He grew and he cried;
And soon his long clothes
Were all laid aside.

And before we quite knew
He was using a spoon,
And when we went driving
He cried for the moon.

The cure for each sorrow,
Each bump, and each fall,
Was to kiss Daddie's picture
Which hung on the wall.

He had light golden curls,
Ways winning and sweet,
And won the attention
Of all he did meet.

We remember quite well,
When he first learned to walk,
And recall the days
Of beginning to talk.

And now as I listen
I think I can hear,
A sweet little voice
Calling out "Mother dear."

Can it be I am dreaming,
Or is it all true,
Eleven years have now passed
Since this baby was new.

As this is his birthday,
It gives me much joy,
To wish many returns,
To this dear darling boy.

When My Love Came To Me

When my love came to me the earth was so bright,
And the birds it seemed sang from morn until night;
The season was fall, but to me it was June,
For I thought that the world was then all atune.

But when in my dreams my love went away,
The earth had no light by night or by day.

And the notes of the birds were plaintive and sad,
While it seemed that the earth in winter was clad.

But now wide awake, I'm thankful that dreams
Are not the real things, but only what seems.

For my love which came once has ne'er gone away;
And the birds are still singing for me all the day,

While the earth seems to me to still be atune;
And down in my heart I feel it is June.

*In This Land Far Away**

In this land far away, the sweet zephyrs play;
And Nature just smiles it seems, all the day.

The sunshine is bright, the clouds are so few;
But all is so strange, and all is so new,

And I long for the place where I once used to roam;
And I long for the place which to me is my home.

In this land far away the people are kind,
None others so thoughtful did I yet ever find; [good;

They plan for one's pleasure, they hope for one's
Yet I would go home if I thought that I could,

For I long for the faces I once used to see,
And I long for the one who is dearest to me.

In this land far away, my babies are near;
And others I love are too, with me here.

Yet I think of the one who at home had to stay;
And misses the children, their romp and their play;

And I pray that the Father in the heaven above,
Will send me in health back home to my love.

Send me back with my children, from this land
far away,

To the land where their father is lonely today.

Let us stay all together in our own little home;

O Lord, may we never again have to roam;

For I long for my love, think of him all the day,
In this land which from home is far, far away.

*New Mexico

Ye Christmas Bells

Ring out, ye merry Christmas bells,
The Christ child born your ringing tells,
Ring loud, and long, and far and near,
Proclaim to all glad Christmas cheer.

The song, once sung by angel band,
Resound throughout our native land.
To rich and poor, to young and old,
Peal forth the story, shepherds told.

In foreign lands, and war swept zones,
Send forth your healing peaceful tones.
Mid battle's fierce and awful din,
Ring, "Peace on earth, Good will to men."

I Can See Him Now

I can see him now, when his step was light,
Health surged in his veins, and in manhood's might,
He busied himself the whole day through,
Attaining the purpose he held in view.

I can see him now, as his horse he did ride,
And viewed his farm lands, for crops were his pride.
How stately he sat, and with dignity rare,
He busied himself in the free country air.

I can see him now, his wife by his side,
His face all aglow, his heart filled with pride.

As they journeyed together, right well did he
None ever more fair with man did ere go. [know,

I can see him now, when his boys would come
home,
And tell of their work and where they did roam.

His face, how it brightened, his step, it grew light,
Whenever his boys came home for the night.

I can see him now, when on mischief bent,
He entered into some merriment.

And told a good story or played a good joke,
And lightened the burden for some other folk.

I can see him now, deliberate and calm,
Naught seemed to worry, naught seemed to harm.

He talked with much wit, he read all he could,
Few others in converse were ever so good.

I can see him now, when his step was slow,
When shattered in health, with cane he did go.

I wish that my mind of that picture would free,
And bring back my father as he first seemed to me.

Cherry Picking

I am going back now
To those days on the farm,
When cherries were ripe;
And, bucket on arm,
Some barefooted children
To the trees picked their way,
And filled their tin buckets
With cherries called May.

Their hearts were as light
As the cherries were red;
For well they remembered.
Their mother had said,
A big cherry cobbler,
Or a pie she would make,
If they'd bring her the cherries
On time for the bake.

As their buckets they filled,
Their hearts were atune,
For Nature was with them,
The season was June.
The birds in the tree-tops,
Robin, redhead and flicker,
Seemed to challenge their rights
And with them to dicker.

From the old "skatin" hole
Frogs joined the refrain,
When they picked the ripe cherries
From the trees in the lane.
And the old cider house,
Even that had a tune,
As the wood-pecker pecked
From morn until noon.

But speaking of cherries,
On the farm you could find
Trees of every description,
And most every kind.
The big white in the yard,
You'd think were the best,
Till you'd gone to the others,
And sampled the rest.

For up in the orchard
The tartarian stood;
Big, fat and black cherries,
So luscious and good.
"Go away, Mr. Robin,
You can't have of these.
If you want some ripe cherries,
Go hunt other trees."

The barefooted children
Of whom I once spoke.

Just feasted on cherries;
As did older folk.
They gathered all kinds,
And straddle bugs made,
As they ate of the fruit,
Under trees in the shade.

Now they are grown,
And backward they look,
And think of the cherries
Of which they partook.
And think of the freedom
Dished out to them then,
Before they were women,
Before they were men.

A Bumble-Bee Fight

O come, brother come, I heard the men say, [hay.
There's a bumble-bee nest down where they make
We had best wear our shoes, we can't win a round.
If we fight them bare-footed on new stubble ground.

The wagon goes back, both of us can ride;
But bumble-bee paddles we first must provide.
Those four which you have will serve us the best;
Now here comes the wagon, let's ride to the nest.

I'll tie my sunbonnet tight under my chin,
The bumble-bees then can scarcely get in; [foe,
Now they're stopping the horses, over there is our
Let's play we are soldiers, and march as we-go.

Here's the nest now, I'll stir it for fun,
Oh my! they are mad, just hear how they hum.
And look, who would think it, they're all coming out,
And humming and buzzing and flying about.

O run, brother run, they fly after you.
Oh my, I am scared, after me there are two.
Ah there, I hit one, now he is done for,
But look, look a coming, after me there are more.

Oh now, 'tis my paddles my life depends on,
And I stand and I fight, till I think all are gone.
But no, there's another, oh, where can he be?
I declare, in my bonnet is that big bumble bee.

Off it comes with a jerk, and now he is dead,
I am thankful, so thankful I still have my head.
And the ones after you, you say you killed them?
So far in the fight we show we can win.

Now again they are settled let's sneak to the nest,
And fight with our paddles till we've conquered
O they are so saucy and try to fly out; [the rest.
But bumble bee paddles are whizzing about.

We fight with our might, not one must get by.
Very soon we discover there's none left to fly.
So we look for the booty, 'tis honey we find. [kind.
While it doesn't look clean, it's the best of it's

And to the child's palate, this honey is grand,
Though flavored a little with dirt and with sand.
We feel we are heroes, and tell of the fray
As we ride to our home on a big load of hay.

We Went Fishing

Remember that day,
Oh, brother Ben,
When town seemed a nuisance,
And the house seemed a pen?
I said, "Let's go fishing,"
You answered "we'll go,
And into the river
Our cares we will throw."

I managed the lunch,
You dug for the bait;
And then for the car
We scarcely could wait.
And when it did come,
It seemed to be slow;
We were off for the river,
In a hurry you know.

From car line to river,
The walk it was long,
But what did that matter,
In our hearts was a song;
A song of the water, of birds, and of trees
A song of the fishes, of sunshine and bees
For down by the river.
God seemed to just spill
An abundance of nature,
Of love and good will.

We fished all the day,
And scarcely took time
To eat of our lunch,

For each cork and each line
Showed signs of a nibble,
And then of a bite.
Now, we'd sure have a fish,
If we'd just work it right.

But when with a jerk
Our hooks came to air,
We were always convinced
Our fish weren't there.
For out in the river,
They'd teasingly dash,
Then jump to the surface
And down, with a splash.

"Mr. Fish, how you fooled me,"
My brother would say.
"But that's no good reason
You'll fool me all day.
I'll wade in the river,
My line I'll throw out;
And then I will catch you,
Mr. Fish, I've no doubt."

So into the water
My dear brother waded
But never a fish
Took the hook which he baited.
I sat on the bank
And fished with much pluck,
And shared with my brother
His very same luck.

When off to our home
We finally went,
We said that that day
Was a day well spent.
We'd caught from old Nature
The breeze through the trees,
The gurgle of water,
The hum of the bees.

We'd left by the river
Our worries and fears,
And caught of her freedom
A lesson for years.

Then flow, river flow,
Your rhythm and song
Will lighten the burden
For many a throng.
And as for me,
As long as I've days,
I'll love you, dear river,
And sing of your praise.

The Boys of Our Country

The boys of our country, are going away.
And the heart of our nation is saddened today.
But she trustingly prays that the Father above,
Will give to her boys his guidance and love.

The boys of our country, on them we depend,
As they're going away our rights to defend.
For the freedom of men like their fathers before,
The boys of our country, are going to war.

They're going to war that autocracy end, [friend.
The oppressed and down-trodden they hope to be-
The rights of the world they're now fighting for,
The boys of our country, who've gone to the war.

Boys of our country, our hearts are with you,
As you carry to battle the red, white and blue
We trust to your care her stars and her bars,
And know you'll protect the flag which is ours.

We know that her colors will thrill your hearts thru.
For the glory of her you'll die if need to,
We ask that you hold her as high as you can,
For she is the symbol of justice to man.

As she floats for a purpose so noble and true,
Our God will be with you in all that you do.
And when victor's crown our nation shall wear,
We'll shout for her boys, so brave and so fair.

A Dear Little Lady and A Dear Little Man

A dear little lady,
A dear little man,
Have won my affections,
As few others can.
They're the joy of my life,
To my heart hold the key;

And in its best chambers,
They know they are free.

And there with their father
I hope they will stay;
For life would be lonely,
With them gone away.
And life would be useless,
To me it would seem,
If I hadn't them ever
To think of and dream.

They're the spice of my life.
Their mischief and play
Make me wonder each night
What they'll think of next day.
And though they are children,
She's five and he's two,
The nonsense they think of
Would quite baffle you.

And when at their play
Their laugh gurgles out,
And I hear from their voices
Their noise and their shout.
I call it sweet music,
To me it is that,
Though they haven't yet heard
Of sharp or of flat.

All day I enjoy them
And play with them too;
"Tis always more fun,
Dear Mama, with you."
And when in the night
They're both sound asleep,
I turn on the light,
And go take a peep.

I think of their day
How their babies were cross,
How the chairs which they drove,
Were galloping horse.
How they both went to church
And both of them sang,
And beat on their pans
With rattlety, bang, bang.

Then they played they were sol-
And both went to war, [diers
And then went to school,
And oh, a lot more.
Now tired from their play,
They seem to enjoy
The sound blessed sleep
Of the girl and the boy.

These dear little children,
As every one knows,
Are bright as the noon-day,
As sweet as the rose.
They're my life's greatest blessing,
And thankful I am,
I have this dear little lady
And this dear little man.

Apple Butter

I don't care much for pickles,
But it gives me joy to hear,
Of the "picklin" in the kitchen
In the fall time of the year.

For I've often taken notice
When the "picklin" work is done,
Then the talk of apple butter
Is most sure to always come.

And they do not talk it only,
For before we are aware,
We're a set of busy people
As the apples we prepare.

And it seems a family business,
For the men and women too
Sit at night and peel together
For the apple butter stew.

And next day all interests center
Out around the open fire,
Over which the apples "cookin,"
Give the promise, all desire.

And we take our turn at "stirrin,"
"Tellin" jokes and stories round;

And we seem most gypsy folks
"Cookin" yonder on the ground.

And when apples, cider, spices,
All are blended into one.

And when sugar too is added,
Mother says 'tis nearly done.

What's the matter with my nostrils,
Scents so good I never knew.

Why those odors from the kettle
Fill my soul and body through.

And that sample from the saucer,
Goodness gracious! none but mother

Could concoct and get together
Such good "tastin" apple butter.

The Twins

A very proud father,
I've heard others say,
To the home of a grandma
Was hurried one day;
To tell her, "get ready,
A dear baby boy
Had come to their home
To add to their joy."

As they drove to the house,
She noticed a smile
Kept playing about
His face all the while.
And when she went in
To take her first peep,
Two babies there lay,
And both fast asleep.

She threw up her hands,
Was greatly surprised,
Two little babies
She never surmised.
The dear little boy
Journeyed there not alone,
A girl baby came
With him to the home.

They grew and they cried,
And together they played;
And no end of work
Their dear mother made.
Yet she was so proud,
And loved them both so,
And happily watched them
Develop and grow.

They were always together,
Were never content
If one from the other,
So very far went.
He called her Pet,
And one day on the stair,
A can of molasses
The babies spilt there.

They were found licking it
As well as they could;
And brother kept saying
“‘Tis dood, Pet, dood.”
When next the twin babies
I see on the floor,
They laugh at the books
They’ve laughed at before.

As to pranks of their childhood,
I’ll try not commence,
But I seemingly see them
As they walk the board fence.
And when on the twins,
Again do I look,
They’re going to school
With pencil and book.

And the house of red brick
With its steeple and bell,
Seemed a wonderful place
In which to go spell.
And the teacher to them
Was a person so wise,
And the board of directors
Were kings in their eyes.

Year after year
To this school did they go,

And mastered together
The things they should know.
Two little playmates
They had with them here,
For Nellie and Carl
Were to them ever dear.

The good game of Fox,
Was played time and again,
And they rushed with the others
To beat to the den.
The apples, which puffed
Their pockets out so,
Were shown, and then placed
On their desks in a row.

They drank from a bucket
On a seat in the rear,
For never of germs
Did they then ever hear.
And when it came night
Oft they rushed from the school,
To fill the wood box
Their brother to fool.

I am sure I can say
That never a lover
Thought more of her sweetheart,
Than sister of brother.
And in the White House
She dreamed he would sit,
And she would live with him,
Be mistress of it.

‘Twas almost her wish
He were not her brother,
For fear he would go
And marry another;
For then in his heart
She second would be,
And she hoped that his girl
She never would see.

Three happy years
In high-school they spent,
And weather permitting
Each day came and went.

The drive of four miles
Was a most pleasant ride.
They enjoyed it together,
And both, side by side,

He joyed in her pleasures,
She reveled in his;
And they hoped for each other
In the once a month quiz.
Geometry tried her,
He helped demonstrate,
And probably saved her
A terrible fate.

The latin they mastered
With equal delight,
And together translated
By day and by night.
And when with great splendor,
They both graduated,
Ah, then the sad story,
The two separated.

And it seemed a bad fate
Which made them to part,
And caused the big ache
Way down in each heart.
Yet, I know very well,
That strong is the tie;
And together they'll dwell
In the sweet bye and bye.

My Caller

Of all good people
I like to write;
So I'll tell you now
Of one last night,
Who came to my sick room,
And cheerily said,
"I've brought you some roses,
Some white, and some red."

Yes, roses she gave,
But that was not all,
She brought me of sunshine
When she came to call.

She brought me of cheer,
And hoped I felt good.
If I didn't now,
She was sure I soon would.

She is not an old friend,
Comparatively new
But the love in her heart
Just fairly shines through.
And happy the days,
I remember them all,
And sing of their praise,
When she came to call.

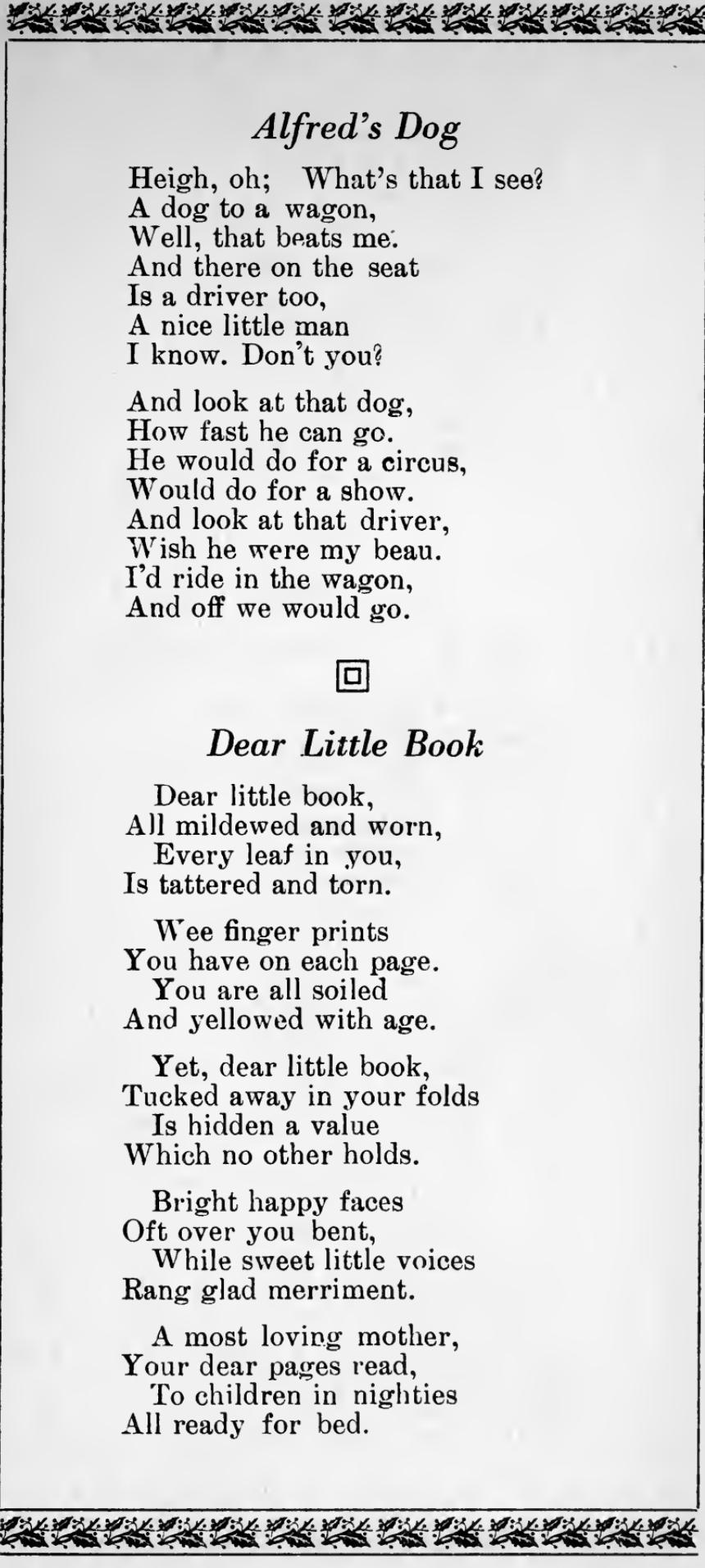


Sugar-kisses

Down at the Ridgeville store, I
know,
Were the very best things
Man ever did show.
Wrapped all in paper of every hue,
With a verse tucked in
For me and for you.
Whoever would enter
Child, mister or misses,
They always would ask
For some good sugar kisses.

Those kisses so sweet,
Those verses still sweeter,
Were the lovers delight,
As he hastened to greet her.
And many's the one
Who'd gone out of the business,
Had it not been
For those good sugar kisses.

Then off with my hat,
And down on my knees,
To that jar on the shelf,
In which he kept these.
And thanks that my palate
As a child, didn't miss,
The wonderful flavor
Of the sweet sugar kiss.



Alfred's Dog

Heigh, oh; What's that I see?
A dog to a wagon,
Well, that beats me.
And there on the seat
Is a driver too,
A nice little man
I know. Don't you?

And look at that dog,
How fast he can go.
He would do for a circus,
Would do for a show.
And look at that driver,
Wish he were my beau.
I'd ride in the wagon,
And off we would go.



Dear Little Book

Dear little book,
All mildewed and worn,
Every leaf in you,
Is tattered and torn.

Wee finger prints
You have on each page.
You are all soiled
And yellowed with age.

Yet, dear little book,
Tucked away in your folds
Is hidden a value
Which no other holds.

Bright happy faces
Oft over you bent,
While sweet little voices
Rang glad merriment.

A most loving mother,
Your dear pages read,
To children in nighties
All ready for bed.

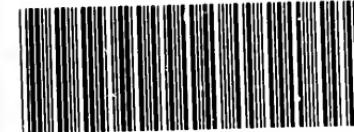
Then she heard baby lisp
"Me ont it to teep"
And chubby hands held you
While going to sleep.

First thing in the morning,
For you did they look.
Oh, you are so precious,
Dear little book.





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